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That he might utter to the world aloud
 The thoughts that on his silent musings crowd,
 Ah, doctor, fairly now, betwixt us, say,
 What would the sweet voic'd, shrewd reformer bray ?
 What must he think of all the sights which meet
 His gazing eyes in some Parisian street,
 Where men in every colour swarm the place,
 Some black, some gray, some dizen'd out with lace ?
 Here, carrying death within his nostrum pouch,
 Rides an assassin to a sick man's couch.
 There moves a pedant train, with ermine lin'd,
 Rector and beadles following fast behind.
 What must he think, when justice moves along,
 Press'd by an idle and enormous throng,
 Who crowd to see a fellow creature's fate
 Dealt at a cool, unceremonious rate.
 What *must* the creature think, if chance should draw
 His steps some Thursday to our court of law,
 Where, from the hall, chicane's infernal throat
 Bellows afar its wild, infuriate note ?
 What, when he sees the judges, tipstaffs, clerks,
 Register, sergeants, men of quips and quirks ?
 Ah, could he *then* forget his native bray
 And find the voice he had in Esop's day,
 This poor misanthrope (name too dearly earn'd !)
 How would he use his power of speech return'd ?
 Beholding, as he must, on every side
 The flood of human folly spreading wide,
 Surely no jealous or repining thought
 Would haunt his breast, that man is better wrought
 But with his thistles and his lot content,
 He thus might give his sober triumph vent,
By all that's asinine, I clearly see,
Men are but foolish beasts, as well as we !



Translation of the Proem to Klopstock's Messiah.

MR. EDITOR,

The Germans are correct, when they insist, that their Mes-
 siah is not to be translated ; but as I have heard many persons
 express their desire to see a poetical specimen, which may
 approach nearer the original than the vulgar prose translation,
 I have been induced to make the attempt.

SING, my immortal soul, the wondrous deed
 That wrought salvation out for sinful men ;

By him achiev'd, who, cloth'd in human flesh,
 The blest MESSIAH, dwelt awhile on earth,
 And through the holy covenant, seal'd with blood,
 To Adam's race restor'd the smiles of Heaven.
 Thus the Eternal's will was done. In vain
 Against the Son of God did Satan rise,
 In vain did all Judea's wrath oppose ;
 He *did* the will of God ! he sav'd mankind !—

Mysterious work ! and may the poet's art
 In dark and distant reverence dare approach
 A theme known only to th' omniscient mind ?
 O thou, Creator-Spirit ! in whose sight
 Here in the stillness, I pour out my prayer,
 Deign thou to consecrate my song ! impart
 Whate'er thy fullest inspiration gives ;
 Make it resembling thee ; instinct alike
 With matchless beauty, and immortal strength.

O give my song thy fire ! spirit of truth,
 That searchest the abyss of Deity,
 And makest e'en the children of the dust,
 Fit temples for thy residence below.

Pure be my heart ! that so my trembling voice,
 All mortal as it is, may reach the strain
 That aims to sing a Deity appeased ;
 And that my tott'ring, hesitating steps,
 The formidable way may safely pass.

Oh ye, who fain would know the gracious act
 That glorified your race, when down to earth,
 The world's Creator, as its Saviour came,
 Come, listen to my song ;—but chiefly ye,
 The precious few, whom, as his bosom friends,
 The hallow'd Mediator loves and owns.
 Ye righteous souls, familiar with the depths
 Of awful judgment's dark futurity,
 Come, hear my song, and by your heavenly lives
 Sing your own pæans to th' eternal Son.—
 'Twas near that holy city, &c.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

HAVING been lately desired by a gentleman to send him the poetical translation of Martial's Epigram VII. 60. ; and Elphinstone's Martial not being in the library of the University, I took the liberty of asking a common friend of ours to